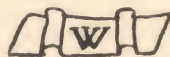


THE TECH

A decorative laurel wreath is positioned behind the title. A torch with a flame is centered within the wreath, pointing downwards.

A PUBLICATION
DEVOTED TO ..
THE INTERESTS
OF

THE STUDENTS
OF BRADLEY ..
POLYTECHNIC ..
INSTITUTE



APRIL

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HAZEL CONRAD

SPRING ATHLETICS

LOCALS

VOL. XXII

NO. 4.



Boys—

Young Men—

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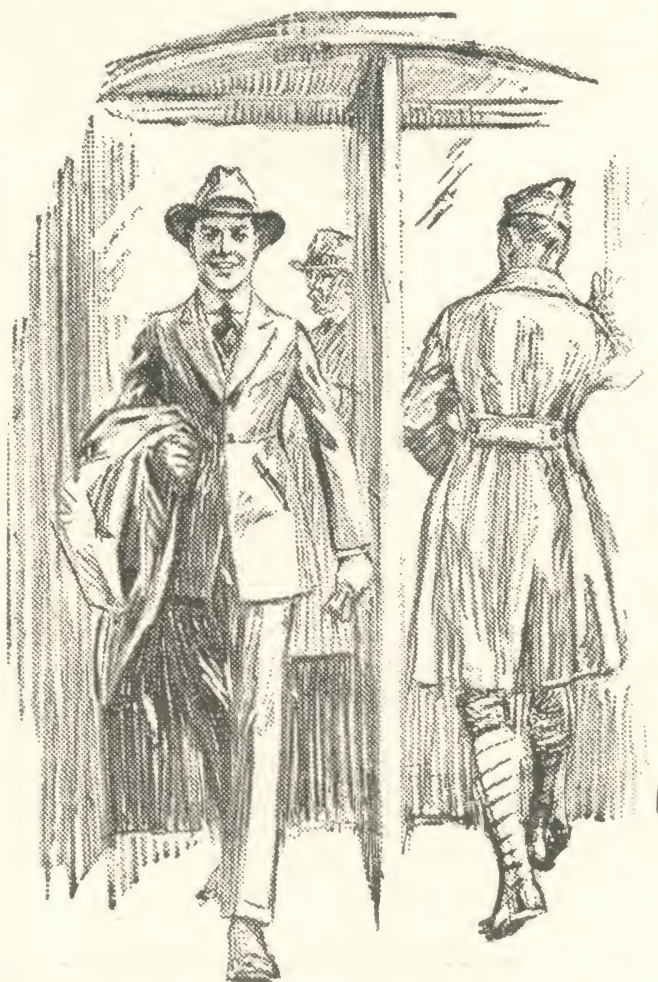
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LITERARY

Vol. XXII

Peoria, Illinois, April 20, 1919

No. 4

THE SHADOW.

There is a too common type of dwelling in New York's slum districts. East of the Bowery they rise, block upon block of dreary buildings separated only by the lanes of the old city, narrow, twisted alleys whose history began as grassy paths across the broad common that stretched north from the Battery. The city grew up around the paths and pushed aside the peaceful Dutch dwellings that lay scattered along their borders. Then, after years has passed—years that covered the walls of Trinity with ivy and added prestige and dignity to the solitude of the mossy grave-stones—those alleys became caverns between twisted rows of tenements. Europe came, shaken and subdued by the Ellis Island ordeal, to populate these cliffs. And the cliffs themselves?

They are built in the form of a hollow square. Hollow? No. They contain within themselves a second dwelling, dingy, dark and squalid, acme of wretchedness reached only by a subterranean passage beneath the first building.

There are cupboards in the walls of these dungeons inhabited by representatives of the lowest, the most miserable strata of human society.

There is a too common type of humanity found in *tout le monde*. The world is too eager to recognize the soul of an artist. It possesses the soul as its own for a time. Takes the best the master mind has to offer, uses the talents the gods have bestowed and tiring at last of the one, it turns to welcome the stranger at the gates, while the other becomes a wanderer, is caught in the maelstrom and is swept away—the shadow of a soul.

* * * * *

Tenderly the old master raised the old violin from its battered case. It lay across his knees, the dull gleam of the dark wood shining in the perpetual gloom of the squalid room. Softly he brushed the strings with his sensitive fingers. The four dingy walls held the soft chord—the only harmony they had ever known.

For the slow years that had brought the ivy to Trinity had brought a musician to the world. From a country half across the earth a peasant lad had risen to a king's court on the notes of a violin. A greedy world had fawned at his feet—but when Time had touched the master's head and slightly dimmed his eyes, that same world withdrew silently—and he had nothing save a boxful of medals and a heartfull of memories to carry out with him.

So the maelstrom caught him and swept him away to the tiny room on the inner court of a great tenement. For three years he had played in the streets of the slums such gay tunes as would draw the pennies of the street arabs. Chinatown, Little Italy, the Ghetto all knew him and tolerated him for the fiddle under his arm.

It grew harder to coax the jingling tunes, harder to climb the five weary flights at night, harder to scrape the few dollars rent he must pay for his miserable room. Tonight was the last. There had been no pennies for a long time.

"Thou alone remain, old friend," he said in the mother tongue; "many years I have kept a shelter for thee, brought thee fame and her accompanying gifts. Thou hast been my one romance—my only happiness. Our palace goes," he added whimsically, "but we are yet together."

Through the night he sat—the white-haired musician with his idol upon his knees.

The first sounds of the awakening city brought him slowly to his feet. The room held nothing he might call his own except the violin, and carefully wrapping this in his coat, the frayed, worn garment of many better days, he stumbled down through the darkness into the street.

Far uptown on one of the fashionable streets of the world there is a hall, dedicated to the masters of music. It is the pinnacle of fame to play from that small stage to the vast audiences below. It has heard the finest musicians of the age and has become the temple of the worshippers of music.

The master and his violin had appeared before those audiences a generation ago—had been one of the popular idols of the hour, and there through the many intervening miles of scorching pavements he had carried his treasure.

An audience was gathering to hear one of the great virtuosos of the day. The hall was packed to its capacity with the usual concert throng. Inside, the confused murmur, the rustling of programs, quieted to an expectant hush. Outside, a shabby figure paused upon the broad steps.

The lights dimmed, the silence became intense. Slowly the stage grew dark, a whim of the great man who played only in darkness.

Then through the hush a soft stream of music crept out to the listeners. The molten strings of the magic flute were in that music, for the bow was in the hands of a master. Gradually the volume increased, the melody flooded the vast hall and held the wonder of the people. Never before had this man caught their mood so well.

The notes rose and fell, swelled to a break in a silver flood and passed again to the beautiful, persistent call for the elusive. As they had come, so the notes died away, slowly, sadly. They were gone.

The audience did not move. The lights flooded the stage—it was empty. Persistent appeal brought no response from the great musician.

The throng passed out between the great stone pillars. A few of the older generation were strangely silent. The music was, for them, of another day. They had not heard such since—and they spoke his name.

Inside, the managers were attempting to appease a temperamental musician. And in the streets an old man was wandering—carrying a shapeless cloth bundle close in his arms.

AMALGAMATION.

"Hasn't Alice changed, though? One could hardly believe it possible!"

"Indeed she has. But who wouldn't? She married that Jew, and her father the pastor of Bethel, too!"

"They say that he is dead and her son also. Queer she wouldn't let me

get anywhere near the subject."

"I thought so too, but she always was queer. Did you notice her hair? Mine is turning gray fast. I wouldn't wonder if she dyed hers. Look at Rev. Heming's; his has been white as snow, since I've known him as a comparatively young man."

These two small town gossips paced leisurely toward home, after having called on Alice Disstein. They had set out with one purpose, to "pump for facts," and had come away sadly disappointed, but willing to affirm that Alice still was a very difficult and different woman.

Alice Heming had grown to young womanhood in this little town. Then, uncommonly enough, having been brought up in the household of her Presbyterian father, who was a pastor, she had married a Hebrew. But her father was a big man, and his mind was very broad. He saw his child's happiness lay in her choice and that the lad was a sincere, earnest young man; so he forgave her choice. But the young man's family were very wroth and angry. They had planned an advantageous marriage for Abraham and the daughter of one of their own people.

The result had been that they—Alice and Abraham had gone afar to the west, to work, and love, and live. They appreciated and understood the attitudes of both their home folks. They agreed. His parents were both right and wrong. But they—oh, love is strong!—but they would put aside this foolish sectship that has existed now almost 2,000 years. The keen intellect, passion of the children of Israel was to flow harmoniously with the blood of the northern race. These married children saw ahead a life work. Their vision was a field of honest citizens among which were no despised sect. They dreamt of amalgamating the peoples, and all this thirty years ago.

Alice sat now, idly fondling the two gold stars in her service flag. She dreamt back on those first days. Toil, softened by love, made hard tasks a joy. The beauty of their home life spread, making a score of friends in that far-off town. She smiled. Reminiscences are healing to the sorrows of a heavy heart. Abraham—a tear caught in the dimple in her smile—Abraham had worked hard and won his merits well. God, love, seemed to be their mascot. Another smile. The little red bank book, in it and on it they had built their towns in Spain.

It did buy their home. The first one, a little cottage, but their own. Years passed and Abraham became quite prosperous. Then the little book bought the second home, a mansion. A score of servants served a score of guests. The mansion, as it came to be known, was the rendezvous of men, big men and noble women. Alice and Abraham rejoiced. They were successful in their social ventures as in the finances. Sect counted not within their circle. An Irish manufacturer was the Mademoiselle Le Vee's dinner partner. The Mohammedan prince was at Miss Rush, the playwright's, elbow. Even the atheist delighted in the company of the strictest Catholic; and Jews, why each and every guest sought them, the keen, the sharp, the clever, passionate people.

But midst this harmony of gayety was only one discord in the lives of Abraham and his fair young wife. God—their God, the God, the only one by whatever name He be called or worshipped in whatever matter—their

God had sent no little one. Ten years had passed. It seemed too sacred to be true. But their God, the Catholic's God, the Jew's God, the Protestant's God, the God above, had answered their prayers. It was a boy. Despaired of comforts are always all the more comforting. Youth Abraham was to his father and mother an ideal child. As an infant, he was sturdy of limb. His head was a merry shock of wind-blown jet black curls. His mother's deep blue eyes twinkled over a merry curved smile, the heritage of his father. In fact, strangers said he was a true composite of his parents. This always pleased them mightily. He grew, their living image; and when he must accept a faith, both faiths were revealed to him and he was taught in them. Possessing knowledge, as this, he could but stand midway and accept alone the living, loving God and bind himself to neither creed.

Happy years, clear memories, his cowboy suit, his riding horse, it all came back to the lonely little widow as the shadows crept into the corners of the room. Then Abraham—she started—he had left to help quell the Mexicans. He had been captain of the State militia in their town and so had gone. Her hero, how bravely had the junior Abraham and she bid him farewell. And oh, how happily they had welcomed his return, unscathed.

Two years more, she dreamt they were two years of Elysium. They closely followed the world conflict. April 6, 1917, came and orders to fill up the company. Abraham, Jr., was the first man to enlist. "If Dad's going, I'm going too. This is my country and my flag and you are my mother. Before any barbarian dares come toward you three, I stand before him or beneath him. He shall and will meet me." It had made her heart blood stop still to hear her child speak thus. Because they had taught him patriotism from babyhood, neither parent thought of opposing his decision. But it had been hard for her—oh, so hard! So hard to say good-bye.

Memory skipped months of Red Cross work, feverish knitting, to the overseas letter; they had arrived safely. She thanked the God above and prayed for her all, their safety. Black blotches in memory pages. No word for months. One day she read their names where she lately had sought them under "Lost in Action." She crushed the silken flag until the golden stars left a deep impress in her hand.

Letters she had written by the score to the authorities. Never had received one word. She then bethought herself of home, a quiet place, and hither came. A smile, but bitter now, only to be besieged by two old gossips. "God give me strength to live," she prayed, "or take me to them."

A soft tiptoe sounded. She did not turn. Her father, a big man, realized best of all, and rarely disturbed her fits of memory.

"Mother! Alice!" A wild, joyous shout, and she was caught in the embrace of they whose golden stars she had so lately crushed into her palms. She was not dreaming. It was true. Alive! "Thank God!" She felt them; they begged her pinch herself and so convince herself they were real and she awake.

They had been taken prisoners but now were hers once more. The pastor-father entered and hearing all, they knelt—Jew, Christian, child of no creed and wife—and prayed to that God above, the one, the only one, and praised his name.

—Hazel Lois Conrad.

HER DUTY.

Drucilla Dean opened her eyes lazily, to a world of sunshine. Suddenly she sat up with a start, for this was the day Dick Ladd was coming home. Coming home to spend his leave of absence. Drucilla *must* make every minute count.

To begin with, "Drucie" (as she was wont to be called) had promised herself as well as Dick and scores of friends that all his time would be planned for, and he should have no regrets for his short visit.

Her first duty was to find a girl suitable to all the worthy qualities of Dick.

"To be sure," said Drucie, she didn't love Dick, but then, she felt it her *duty* to see that his time was well employed. Because—they had grown up together and were such pals, you know, that was all.

Drucie finally decided on Lucille Downs to take up most of his time, as she was such a pretty little butterfly. Just what Dick needed most keep his thoughts from war.

* * * * *

It was four o'clock or a little more, some fourteen days later.

Drucie was sitting on the steps with her hands under her chin. Oh, she had made such a mess of things!

Drucie had so counted on Lucille and only last night had she come to tell her of her engagement to Jack Hanna, just when Dick had been paying her so much attention, too. Here all her time and work was spent for nothing, and now there was no time to make amends.

Just at this stage of thought a quick step was heard and Drucie looked up to see Dick standing before her.

"Why, I thought—" but here she stopped for somehow Dick looked so queer.

"Well, Drucie, I haven't had much time to see you, but I have had a recall and am leaving tonight. But I want to tell you how much this all has meant to me.—Say, Drucie, will you marry me if I come back? And if I don't—but then I will."

"Why, I thought—" again Drucie began and paused.

"Yes, I know you thought, but I didn't, for I have known Lucille since she came down to one of our 'proms', and Jack was my chum, you know. Consequently, seeing how you threw us together and being a friend of Jack's, I—"

"But my duty," interrupted Drucie.

"Yes, *your* duty will be to wait kindly and patiently until yours truly comes home for good," replied her lover. And as it doesn't ever pay to argue, Drucie waited. He is back now and they will be married this spring.

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Monthly publication of Bradley Institute. Entered as second class matter in the Post Office, Peoria, Illinois.

FRED C. BROWN.

Many times during the past school months we, as students of Bradley, have felt proud that one of our men has reached so high a position in France as Fred. C. Brown, our former athletic director. The love of all Bradley, especially the boys, has been exhibited by the praise and highly complimentary remarks that have been made day after day. Never has a man been more missed and never has a man left such good record behind as has ex-coach Brown. So it was that we all rejoiced when reading the article that appeared in the local papers, telling of his great success:

Fred. C. Brown, former athletic coach at Bradley, has been appointed to the position of Y. M. C. A. regional athletic director for the entire Second Army of Occupation of 400,000 men in France and Germany.

The advancement of Director Brown since his arrival in France in September has been exceedingly remarkable, and in the words of Herbert H. Holmes,

Call Main 4002, THE HOLLY STUDIO, for private parties.

secretary of the Peoria "Y", "His present position is one of which all Peoria can be proud."

General Pershing, in a letter to E. C. Carter, executive secretary of the "Y" in France, a copy of which has just been received by Mrs. Brown, early in December, emphasized the critical period which the forces were about to enter, and appealed for additional expert aid in the way of expert athletic directors for each of the three armies of occupation.

One of Three Men Chosen.

Brown was one of the three men selected to direct the athletics of the three great American armies. In a letter to Secretary Holmes from Luxembourg under date of December 25th he writes causally of his new position as follows:

"I have been selected to take over the regional directorship of the entire Second Army of Occupation, at Luxembourg and surrounding country. This is a real job. I will serve 400,000 men and will use car loads of athletic equipment. I feel very serious as I undertake this piece of work and my ability will be taxed to the utmost. I am going into it with good health and a fairly good staff. Gen. Pershing has asked for a much larger athletic program as a means of strengthening the morale of the men. Therefore he is giving us army backing which will be most helpful. We are at this time facing the most critical time in the history of the A. E. F. and it is up to us to make good."

According to a letter received this morning by Mrs. Brown, from her husband, he is now back in France, with his headquarters at Toul. Working in association with him, he writes, is a Colonel Thompson, who looks after the military side of the work.

ACTIVITIES.

Considering the school and student body that we have at Bradley there are far from a sufficient number of activities taking place. Without a doubt there are plenty of organizations at hand, but they are not acting. Perhaps, with the exception of several clubs, we may say that no Bradley organization is showing an overly amount of pep. There are meetings. Yes, plenty of them, but are they the kind that interest the students and make them anxious to attend?

How many good entertainments have been staged this year? Not over two or possibly three. The only one of these that was especially attractive to the entire student body, alumni and outsiders was the Stunt Show. The committee cannot be given too much credit for the excellent performance that was given, as every presentation was greatly enjoyed by the large audience.

This success should be enough to show that the activities will be supported, as the house was full and the enthusiasm great. Let's put our school on the way along dramatic lines, as well as athletic social and educational. Why not produce a good

play or a comedy? A vuadeville show would prove a great success. Now, some lively student step up and take the responsibility of engineering one of these propositions for his organization or for the school, and Bradley will do the rest.

BEST REGARDS, BLOSS.

Upon going to press we are greatly relieved to find that our old friend, John Dickson Blossom, is up out of his sick bed and on his feet once more. We surely regret that John could not be out to join us on our good times during the spring vacation. Every day we missed him, whether roving over the golf links, hiking among the hills, gazing at the Orpheum foot-lights, or having a little pick-up practice. Especially did we grieve because our parties were not enlightened by his ready wit and happy and carefree disposition. I extend the entire staff's congratulations on your good health and excellent recovery.

—*The Editor.*

EMILY BENTON and ELIZABETH PINDELL

More honors to Bradley "over there" this time come through the girls, Emily Benton and Elizabeth Pindell. They are in the Y. M. C. A. canteen at Coblenz. Lately they were guests of honor at a dinner given in that city and occupied seats next to General Hutin. March 18th, they were sent to Insul to serve chocolate to the 4th division, which was to be reviewed that day by General Pershing. They met Wilbur Forrest there. He has been in France and England since 1914, reporting for the New York Tribune. He took them to witness the reviewing of the troops. When they arrived on the reviewing field General Pershing came up to them and shook hands, and asked them to come up on the stand with him, and so it happened that Em and Bill stood next to the head of the American army as he reviewed the 4th division. Em writes that General Pershing is "the best-looking, nicest man and that he has the kindest look in his eyes." After watching the review, which was most important since it is only the second time in the war that a whole division has been reviewed at once, the girls served hot chocolate to the men of the division. Later they were invited to take dinner with General Hersey and his staff. Here they met Colonel Raymond Wheeler, a former Peorian, the husband of Olive Keithley Wheeler.

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112 S. Adams Street Peoria, Ill.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE *and* MANUAL ARTS NOTES

Cookery is the preparation of food, primarily for human nutrition, but also for psychological and social purposes.

Spring has come! and so has warm weather, likewise that irresistible desire for cool gingham and fluffy voiles, so Miss Campbell's class in Costume Design are busily plying their needles, cutting and fitting to make a "stunning creation". Each girl has a "Betty" as near her own likeness as a dress form can be like an energetic, wide-awake lassie, and upon these ever-ready "dummies" she drapes the material and fashions her dress. The ambition of the seamstress is not to copy the latest Parisian design, but to make a dress which is so comfortable and well made that the wearer can put it on and forget it. But it is to be so neat in construction and so appropriate in design that everybody else will remember it.

A WORD OF WARNING.

Students who are accustomed to taking their lunch in the school lunch room, beware! Unless you are absolutely sure that your digestive ability is equal to all things, take heed. For the Senior Domestic Economy girls are getting a little practice in the kitchen during this quarter. It is hoped that no serious results will follow, but it seemed best to warn the public. We must say, however, that the Seniors are a very capable bunch and are quite proficient in the art of cookery, so good results are expected. At any rate, this will furnish good practice for the future "K.-M.'s" and who would not suffer a few pangs of indigestion for the further advancement of a good cause?

DRAWING ROOM NOTES.

The class in Machine Design has for the past few months been working on a power hoist for the Oliver planer in the woodworking shop. The assembled drawing is about completed and ready to be drawn in detail. Detail drawing of the same will begin this week. Mr. Otto Druge, who is specializing in Machine Woodwork, has, so far, done all of the work, assisted by Mr. Whorrey. He no doubt will go on with the detailing, which will not only give him practice in machine drawing, but will give him a thorough knowledge of some of the problems which will arise in his future life work.

The patterns for the power hoist will be made at the institute under the direction of Mr. Johnson and the castings will be finished and assembled in the machine shop under the supervision of Mr. Raymond. Such projects give a wide range of work not only to the drawing department but to other departments as well.

The class in Descriptive Geometry which meets in the South Manual Arts building is somewhat smaller this quarter than it was last quarter. A few of the former students have left school to go into business and a few others to aid their fathers in business.

Dick Bradley makes good clothes. 135 S. Jefferson Avenue.



EXCHANGES

Edited by Leland Fleming

We have a new exchange on our shelves this month. Take notice, ye student papers, for the "Tabula" of Oak Park, Ill., is on hand with many novel and interesting features. Take the cover, for instance; while not modest and unassuming at all, it rather hints at the "pep" that is packed between the covers. The literary department is very good, seeming to be of primary importance rather than a "filler" as in many high school papers. Now that we have said nice things about the "Tabula", we would like to ask the exchange editor a question. First of all, let us quote from her exchange column: "We think that if you filled your two pages with thorough criticisms, your exchange department would be more useful." Do you consider the exchange column to be for the express benefit of the exchange editors or do you think the student body should have some interest in it? If it is for the students also, we greatly fear that pure criticism would fail to arouse their interest.

The Hedding "Graphic"—Your editorials are good and "When Patty Went to College" is quite clever. We hunted in vain for the exchanges.

Another new exchange is "Science and Craft", Crane Tech, Chicago, Ill.—Your paper makes a very good appearance. Your "Science Shop" is of interest.

Eureka College "Pegasus"—We are glad to see your exchange column again. We hope your interest in exchanges continues.

Listen, exchange readers, while the Hedding "Graphic" explains the origin of the common term, "He is a brick": Everyone knows that this is a complimentary expression, but they don't know why. Over two thousand years ago, when Lycurgus was king of Sparta, an eastern ambassador visited him and was surprised to find no walls around the city. He asked Lycurgus about this and he took him out to a plain where the Spartan army stood in array. 'There,' said he, 'are the walls of Sparta, and every man a brick.'

The College "Rambler"—We enjoyed your literary department, especially "Climbing Back". But where are your exchanges?

Illinois Wesleyan "Argus"—You ask the question: "Is not the Argus better while functioning as a brisk, newsy paper of college happenings, than it would be, should it be converted into a paper more strictly literary?" We would say, that your newsy paper is always of more interest to your own student body. But the exchange editor always likes to read a good story.

The "Opinion"—Your February issue is a great success. Very much like an annual.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US.

Eureka College "Pegasus" says: Bradley "Tech"—We are very glad to have your paper back with us and greatly enjoyed the February issue—especially the editorials. Also we wish to thank you for your commendation of our paper.

This one is from the Augustana "Observer": It is with pleasure that we have again the "Tech" among our exchanges. Your editorial is a happy one, urging that a patriotic feeling be awakened in each student. Further, it states that each student is measured by the amount of patriotism he reveals for school and country. "The Spirit of Indifference" ought to arouse a keen sense of responsibility among your idlers.

The "Tabula" says: "The "Tech" is a new exchange but a very acceptable one. The literary department is exceptionally good. We would suggest a few more cuts, as those you have are very good samples. We understand that Bradley has been under army control, which should lend a stimulus to your activities. The "Tech" seems to have felt it in spite of the confusion of which you speak in your editorial.

Teacher—"Fools ask questions wise men can't answer."
 Student—"Yeh, I flunked in my exam."

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

The "Tabula".....	Oak Park, Ill.
"Augustana Observer".....	Rock Island, Ill.
"The Opinion".....	Peoria, Ill.
"The Hedding Graphic".....	Abingdon, Ill.
"Illinois Wesleyan Argus".....	Bloomington, Ill.
"The Carthage Collegian".....	Carthage, Ill.
"The Missouri Miner".....	Rolla, Missouri
"The College Rambler".....	Jacksonville, Ill.
"Science and Craft".....	Crane Tech, Chicago, Ill.
"Lombard Review".....	Galesburg, Ill.
"Eureka College Pegasus".....	Eureka, Ill.

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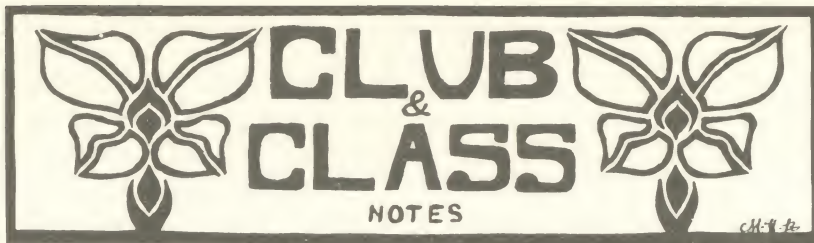
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Edited by Booth Williamson

ARTS AND CRAFT.

The second meeting of the Arts and Craft Club was held Thursday evening, March 13th, at the social hall. It was a success in every sense of the word, some sixty members being present.

The meeting was opened with a business discussion presided over by Mr. Humphrey, faculty advisor, and following it a short program was given, a solo by Helen Graham, and a reading by Zona Morehouse. Dancing and games were enjoyed by all. An orchestra furnished the music. Refreshments brought to mind that St. Patrick's day was not far off, small cakes with green icing, ice cream and shamrock favors. As the next day was Friday and classes began at 8:15, they departed at 11 o'clock, voting the Arts and Crafts a great success.

The next meeting will be held the first Friday night of the spring quarter. "All are welcome"

CLASSICAL CLUB.

On the evening of March 6th, there was an illustrated lecture on Italy, ancient and modern, by Mrs. Sutton.

FRENCH CLUB.

The March meeting of the French Club also took the form of an illustrated talk by Miss Hopper on France.

ENGLISH CLUB.

There was a meeting of English Club on March 10th. The program consisted of an article from the Atlantic Monthly read by B. Williamson, one from the American reviewed by Miss Conrad, and several short stories from O. Henry. There was no discussion. Miss Comfort proposed that the club devote a portion of its next meeting to the observance of Better Speech Week, and the club approved.

It was also proposed that English Club take a leading part in bringing John Galsworthy to Peoria. It was later decided that each member should assume responsibility for \$4.50 worth of tickets.

At ten minutes of six the meeting adjourned, only to find itself locked in by a janitor who had failed to take cognizance of the fact that there was such an organization as English Club. After such a narrow escape, the club fervently promised itself that the next long-winded person on the program would be denied the privilege of paying his 75c dues and having his picture in The Polyscope.

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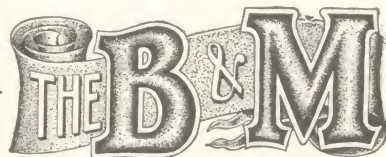
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HISTORY CLUB.

One of the most interesting meetings of the History Club in months took place on Monday evening, March 10th, at the home of George McFadden on Moss Avenue.

There were five items on the program for the evening; first, "The Doings and Undoings of the Last Congress," by Ralph Scott, direct from Washington with a great deal of inside information; secondly, a scholarly elucidation of "The League of Nations," by Worley; thirdly, "Concerning Prohibition," George McFadden; fourth, "The Armistice," by Abigail Dunne; fifth, on "Conditions in Germany and the New German Government," by Grace Hoagland.

McFadden's paper deserves special credit for its attractive and humorous style of presentation. Our thanks to George for his admirable entertainment in the double capacity of host and essayist. And not to forget an important feature, ice cream with several species of cakes and coffee besides rounded out a very enjoyable evening for the members.

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SOCIAL

Edited by Gretchen Hulsebus

On the 17th of March the active chapter of the Alpha Pi Fraternity was entertained at the home of the *brothers* Battles. During the evening several alumni dropped in, including Artie Graham, just home from France. After the meeting refreshments were served.

An ideal vacation day was spent on Wednesday, April 2nd, when the Alpha Pi's took a hike to Mossville. The trip up was made in the forenoon and several large steaks afforded the necessary nourishment before returning.

The Omicron Tri Kappa Sorority enjoyed a delightful spread at the home of Mrs. Olive Keithley Wheeler on Knoxville avenue on Tuesday, April 8th.

During the spring vacation the active chapter of the Sigma Phi Fraternity held a smoker at the Fraternity rooms with the alumnae as guests, some of whom returned from service here and abroad. The alumnae present were Homer Jacquin, Edwin Jacquin, Robert Lackland, John Williams, Orwood Campbell, Ralph Rogers, Castle Zartman, Herbert White, Laurence Shehan, Clifford Strause, Elmer Seaburg, Floyd Moore, Donald Murphy, and Charles Hitch.

The active chapter of the Omicron Tri Kappa Sorority held a business meeting at the home of Mae Gertrude Pinkerton, on Tuesday, April 1st. After the meeting the hostess served delightful refreshments.

On April 12th, the Lambda Phi Sorority entertained with a luncheon at Block & Kuhl's, followed by a theater party at the Orpheum. The affair was given in honor of Eunice Daly. Those present were: Gladys Glasgow, Ahna Wieting, Marjorie Fell, Gretchen Hulsebus, Louva Bocock, Effie Hazen, Miriam Bass, Doris Peterson, Helen Hadfield, Ruth Hayward.

On Thursday evening, March 25th, the Sigma Phi Fraternity held their annual masque carnival, which, owing to the S. A. T. C., had been postponed from last quarter. The hall was effectively decorated with streamers and balloons and the costumes of the dancers were most attractive. At midnight a delightful luncheon was served.

The active chapter of Lambda Phi Sorority, on March 20th, hiked into the woods, where they enjoyed a steak fry. After a delightful supper, a business meeting was held. Those present were: Ahna Wieting, Marjorie Fell, Laura Bocock, Miriam Bass, Effie Hazen, Gretchen Hulsebus, Gladys Glasgow.



"The Omicrons."



"Some ΔK's."



"Alpha Pi."



"A few Lambda Phi's"



ΣΦ:

The annual spring banquet of the Alpha Pi Fraternity was held at the Creve Coeur Club on Friday, March 28. After the dinner, toasts were given by Dr. Packard on "Reminiscences," by Graham Battles on "The Active 'hapter,'" and by Morris Hayward on "Alpha Pi, Past and Present." The party later adjourned to Bradley Park and spent the evening in dancing. Those who enjoyed the banquet were: Dr. and Mrs. Packard, Misses Helen Penniwell, Mae Gertrude Pinkerton, Julia Dunlop, Louis Stevenson, Marjorie Montgomery, Dorothy Darah, Leda Wysong, Alice Eicher, Lucille Cook, Marian Rothwell, Ruth Taylor, Gerturde Hoagland, Neva Walker, Ahna Weiting, Marguerite Galbraith, Louise Hoagland, Janette Graves, Onieta Lutz, Clara Zimmerman, Lennarie Norton, E. Dailey, John Lee, Dave Bowlby, John Taylor, Frank Kirkpatrick, Maynard Stureman, Cyrus Avery, Drennan Wilson, Donald Hayward, Clarence Wynd, Dean Battles, Graham Battles, Art. Schoenheider, Leslie Gage, Carl Griesser, Morris Hayward, Mark Cowell, Frank Dalzell, Reginald Packard, Harry Brady, Jay Covey, Al. Zimmerman.

On Monday, April 7th, John Taylor entertained the Alpha Pi's at his home on Armstrong Avenue.

On April 1st the active and alumnae chapter of the Delta Kappa Sorority met at the home of Mrs. Henry Grimes. A short business meeting was held, after which dainty refreshments were served. Covers were laid for: Ardis Chatten, Ruth Drysdale, Bernadette Ryan, Mary Jo Vandenburg, Leda Wysong, Leatha Houghton, Mary Misner, Adeline Wyatt, Miriam Horwitz, Alma Goodrich, Evelyn Wendell, Lois Wysong, and Berniece Bobblett.

The active and alumnae chapters of the Omicron Tri Kappa Sorority entertained with a delightful spread at the home of Marguerite Smith, on March 10th. This was in honor of several of its members who have recently returned from their war duties and also in honor of Miss Madonna Bartlett, who was spending a few days in the city.

On March 15th, Gladys Glasgow and Adeline Wyatt gave a subscription dance at which a large number of Bradley students were present.

A Sigma Phi Orpheum party was held on the evening of March 8th. After the show the remainder of the evening was delightfully spent at the Fraternity rooms.

Ruth Whalen entertained for the active members of the Omicron Tri Kappa Sorority on Saturday afternoon, April 5th.

On April 4th the Delta Kappa Sorority held a theatre party at the Apollo, followed by a tea at Block & Kuhl's. Those present were: Ruth Drysdale, Ardis Chatten, Bernadette Ryan, Leda Wysong, Miriam Horwitz, Adeline Wyatt, Alma Goodrich, Evelyn Wendell, Leatha Houghton, Berniece Bobblett and Verniece Goodrich.

The active chapter of Lambda Phi Sorority held a business meeting at the home of Miriam Bass, on April 8th.

One of the leaders

THIS is a good illustration of one of the new double-breasted waist-seam suits by

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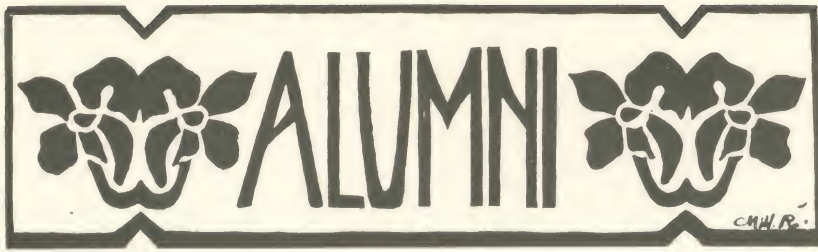
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Edited by Kathryn Niehaus

Jack Kinsey is again seen about town. He was in aviation, stationed at Rantoul, Ill., and is now devoting most of his time to farming near Mackinaw, Ill.

William Allen is also in town and is working with his brother, Arthur Allen. Bill was in the intelligence department of the navy.

Many of the boys in the A. E. F. have been granted the splendid opportunity of attending some university, either in France or England. John Mayo Goss and Henry Goss are both students at the Sorbonne University in Paris. George G. Smith is studying at the Bordeaux University.

Lieut. Hugh Cooper is now practicing medicine in this city, after having gained much valuable experience as head of the medical and surgical department at Fort Porter.

Abe Kahn has just returned from enlistment in the navy. He became First Pharmacist's Mate, and his work was at Philadelphia. He is now going to continue his medical course, probably at the University of Illinois Medical School, at Chicago.

It was good to see Major and Mrs. John Edward Martin again. Eddie was here for then days last month and has now returned to Newport News Va. Mrs. Martin (Margaret Wilde) expects to remain here through the summer with her parents.

Many students, formerly at Bradley, now at other schools, spent their spring vacations here: Herbert White, Jay Covery, Jack Niehaus, Howard Harman, Bob Strehlow, Harriet McCormick, and Pauline Gauss, from Illinois University; Clifford Strause, John Roberts, Lowell Hazzard, Zoa Velde, Mary Kanpp, Marguerite Evans, from Chicago; Maude Berger, from Ward-Belmont; Gertrude Hoagland, Esther Stowell, King Woodward, from Wisconsin University; Wheeler McDougal, from Lawrenceville; Margaret Mulford, from Fairmont; and Lena Leisy and Mation Felrman, from Smith College.

Edwin Jacquin is home from Missouri University. Ed has been quite ill and is home for the remainder of the school year to creuperate.

Mrs. Donald Vincent Hunter (Laura Bunn) and small son are visiting with Mrs. Hunter's parents.

Julia Makken is living in New York City with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Phel, where she is studying music with Professor Macrum, and has accepted an offer to sing soprano in the choir of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church of New York.

Mary Louise Seaburg is just about a month old. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Elmer Seaburg. Mrs. Seaburg was formerly Mabel Belsley.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pfeiffer have moved to Rapid City, S. D., where Joe has accepted a position on the editorial staff of one of the newspapers of that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Pfeiffer and daughter are now living in Chicago, Ill.

Dorothy Keifer, '16, has returned to Peoria and has taken a position in the advertising department of Block & Kuhl.

Helen Oates, '14, was married in September to John Moses of Clinton, Iowa.

Jennie Weber, '13, was married last June to R. C. Trumbo. They are living at 347 South Broadway, Crookston, Minn. She had previously been teaching in the High School at Grinnell, Iowa.

Benjamin S. Beecher, '07, was married to Helen Hibbs last August. Mrs. Beecher was a member of a Red Cross unit which was to see overseas service and for the reason their marriage was kept secret till March, when she returned to this country. They are living now at 103 Keene, Providence, R. I.

Carl Arlitt, '10, was married to Elizabeth C. Ehlers, March 17, in San Antonio, Texas.

Frank T. Berg and Kathryn Schafer of Mattoon, Ill., were recently married and are living in Peoria.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Elizabeth Estep and Leslie Sherman Estle, which took place March 29th, at Los Angeles, California.

"Billy Sisson"—no other name is more endeared in the memory of Bradleyites, perhaps, than Billy's. And now we learn with the greatest pleasure and pride that Bill is still bringing us fame. Sergeant William Sisson of the A. E. F. is an athletic "wonder" just as was Billy Sisson of Bradley. He was captain of the five who recently won the basketball championship of his division of the A. E. F. At this tournament in Bordeaux, France, he was given the honor of being sent to Nice, France, for the big A. E. F. track meet. Now we hear he is probably going to "run" and "jump" in the Olympic games. It will be the first time that a Bradley man has ever participated in the Olympic games and so, once more, our pedestal for Bill must be raised still higher.

Through Bill, we learn that Frank Scherer, former basketball star, is in France, but we have not been able to ascertain his exact address.

Lieut. Robert Moore is also still in France with the headquarters company of the 62nd engineers.

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HOROLOGICAL



Edited by Lewis Roach.

Newcomers: Claude M. Ditto, Monte Vista, Colo.; Wm. Cutting, Rockford, Ill.; G. W. Haworth, Aurora, Neb.; R. H. Ehrenberg, Graceville, Minn.; J. L. Kritzeck, Howard Lake, Minn.; Chas. O. Hawk, Jeromeville, O.; Ralph A. Schaffer, Greenville, Pa.; Rudolph F. Schiller, Sun Prairie, Wis.; R. C. Parker, Oilton, Okla.; O. E. Tatum, Huntingdon, Tenn.; J. N. Freeman, Huntingdon, Tenn.; E. H. Phillips, Elkins, W. Va.; R. M. Steger, Dyersville, Ia.; John G. Keeling, Temple, Texas; Geo. J. Hammer, Chicago, Ill.; Harry Burke, La Crosse, Kansas.

Pehrson continues to hold the spotlight. Pehrson instructs a student as soon as he enters Horology Hall to take up the fine work on watches, engraving, and jewelry. The puzzling part of it is—Pehrson continues his schooling. Why do anything so ridiculous and needless as that, Pehrson, when you can easily worry Mr. Brown about his position? Pehrson in engraving keeps the entire class listening to his tale of woe all day long. Pehrson recently informed us that he had been looking for his guardian angel for some time, and was still looking for her. Quite right you are, Pehrson, as you will find this last statement a known fact, and not a supposition. Pehrson likes a joke now and then and usually indulges in a good healthy laugh when his name appears in this section in connection with some joke or incident?!?! Be a good sport, Pehrson, and learn the true ways of a Horolog, and don't imagine yourself the exclusive exception to all mistakes or personal jokes. The rest of them take it good naturedly, along with a smile. There's only one choice!

Our unfortunate dusky lady friend has been racking her brain trying to devise a fire-proof bench, and escape her daily accidents. The climax was reached Wednesday, March 26th, when "Topsy" was completely surrounded by a cloud of smoke. An alarm was turned in, but the fire was fought and conquered by our valiant overseas hero, Harle Williams. We earnestly request the French government, and Carnegie, to get busy with the medals.

Historical coincidences occur quite frequently at Horology Hall, the latest being the little incident of Robinson Crusoe and his man "Friday". Dean Westlake very capably carries Robinson Crusoe's part, while George Folker acts the part of "Friday" in a credulously "peerless" manner. George agrees very readily that sleep is one of the best things in life, simply because we know that George has passed up some things that he considers better than sleep, but that he has missed out on them simply because he overslept. One

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morning Mr. Westlake approached Roach and asked him where "Friday" was. The ready answer was, "Sleeping."

L. Kerr, our respectful friend, and a good Horolog, is a steady, conscientious worker, and a very careful observant of work, and of everything in connection with Horology Hall. Having extensive experience in draughting, and "slapping a cruel pen," his big intention is to put out an elaborate drawing and painting of all types of escapements. Good idea, Kerr, and don't forget to pass around the good work for inspection upon completion.

Dish has completed engraving and is now a stamped product along that line. He has been swinging a file and looking for centers. The "kid" is developing rapidly into a real Horolog. He is learning to dance, works on Saturdays, "kids" the women, chews a match instead of a toothpick, and takes snake oil for bronchitis. He says his one ambition is to make good. Go to it, Dish. We are all behind you on this, but remember this—if you stub your toe, you fall forward. Dish went down to the Orpheum to see one act three different times, merely to learn and to know.

Rudy Schiller adheres strictly and exclusively to accuracy in his work. The other day he was seen sharpening gravers at the grindstone with the aid of an eyeglass.

We hope Dish's first job will be a coffin plate, so it will be buried. Don't forget to buy a pivot stretcher for watchwork, Dish.

Horology Hall is still growing—and fast. Baseball and track material has been discovered and prospects for several letter men this spring are good. Go to it, fellows, and show some pep. Get out and bang things up when you are out of school for the day.

We have had several visitors within the last month or more, most of them being men just returned from France, who gave us very interesting talks on their experiences. "The Battle of Peoria," a future historical incident, was also mentioned.

The upstairs is almost filled to capacity, and a few more students will make it impossible to manage on one floor. The old building will begin to look natural when all floors are occupied and kept busy.

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ATHLETICS



Edited by G. Arthur Schoenheider

SPRING AND SUMMER ATHLETICS BOOMING.

Baseball, track, tennis and golf are now well under way in the training stage at Bradley. The ideal weather conditions that have closely followed the disappearance of winter have instilled into the athletes and would-be athletes the desire to get outdoors and start moving. And incidentally, as spring brings into the mind of the small boy the art of playing marbles, many of the dignified Seniors were seen pitching pennies in place of that awful game of keeps, "Pots". Nevertheless, all the sports but tennis are in full sway and tennis waits only until the courts are in condition or other courts are procurable.

Baseball, one of the three major sports of the year's curriculum, is receiving extra attention and promises to bring a name to Bradley along that line. Just recently there was organized in Peoria the "Greater Peoria High School Baseball League", composed of teams from six high schools and academies of Greater Peoria. Teams represented are Bradley Academy, Peoria High, Manual, Averyville High, Spalding, and East Peoria. High interest is being shown in this league as it has been several years since such a league existed and at that time it was a noted success. High school authorities attempted to bring about a similar affair last year but were unable to, due to unfavorable conditions. But this year the organization was carried through and every school affiliated with it feels that a good thing has been accomplished.

The schedule has been arranged and calls for 30 games to be played, each of the six teams playing ten games. The time of playing of the games is set for afternoons after school instead of Saturdays. Each Tuesday and Thursday afternoon from April 22nd through May 22nd will find the six teams facing one another on different diamonds. The idea of each team playing two games each week was to prevent the games from extending over a lapse of time. Should but one game be played a week, the season would last too long, and, in case of rain, the game would have to be called off and played at the end of the season.

The entire league schedule as officially announced is:

April 22.

Manual at East Peoria
Averyville at **BRADLEY**
Spalding at Peoria High

April 24.

East Peoria at Spalding
BRADLEY at Manual
Peoria at Averyville

April 29.

Peoria High at **BRADLEY**
 Averyville at East Peoria
 Manual at Spalding

May 6.

Peoria at Manual
 Averyville at Spalding
BRADLEY at East Peoria

May 13.

Manual at **BRADLEY**
 Averyville at Peoria
 Spalding at East Peoria

May 20.

BRADLEY at Spalding
 Peoria at East Peoria
 Averyville at Manual

May 1.

East Peoria at Peoria
 Spalding at **BRADLEY**
 Manual at Averyville

May 8.

BRADLEY at Averyville
 East Peoria at Manual
 Peoria at Spalding

May 15.

BRADLEY at Peoria
 East Peoria at Averyville
 Spalding at Manual

May 22.

East Peoria at **BRADLEY**
 Manual at Peoria
 Spalding at Averyville

Places on the Academy team are by no means obtained without work as there are at least thirty men trying hard for the jobs. During some two weeks of practice some men have showed special ability and have good chances to obtain what they desire. Catcher's job seems so far to rest with Catlin, as he and pitcher Doubet make an invincible two. Burner has a narrow edge on other candidates for first base, while Salzenstein holds down the pivot sack in the center of the diamond. Meyers, a long boy, does well at stopping wide ones at third and covers part of the shortstop territory, the man for that job being in doubt. The outfielders are all showing such splendid evidences of ability that there is great probability of no *best* three players starting the first few games.

Coach Olson is very anxious to get the team started right because a win or two for a good start is hard to beat. Confidence counts for a large per cent in a team's ability to win games.

COLLEGE BASEBALL.

Candidates for college baseball are not as numerous as for Academy baseball. A little difficulty may be experienced in regulating the practice hours of the enthusiasts owing to the fact that the academy and college will have separate teams. Those in the academy may play on the college team if they qualify, but college men can not play academy baseball. It is only reasonable, as other high school teams would be handicapped. But where the academy men play with the college, they cannot practice with both at the same time and not enough college men are available to make up a strictly college team and have a real good one. This is owing to the fact that over half of last year's team are not with us this year and only three college men are left as a nucleus around which to build the present team. Two academy men are available but their duties will be, for the greater part of the time, with the academy team.

But Coach Olson expects to work out enough good material to clean up on the conference games that the college will play. Maxon, Breyfogel, and Gordon—two infield and one outfield man—are all that are left of last year's college men and it is up to these three to help drill the new men. Doubet and Catlin, both of the academy, will play with the college if their work is not confined to the academy alone. Other candidates have been practicing but not enough is known at present to state anything definite concerning the possible positions they will play.

At present the college has but two games scheduled. Both of these are with Eureka. Contracts are well under way with both Wesleyan and Normal and suitable dates alone hold up the contracts from speedy fulfillment. Games will be played with teams both here and abroad.

Eureka's dates are:

April 15—**BRADLEY** at Eureka.

May 9—Eureka at **BRADLEY**.

Track practice is at present holding the aspirants of that racing sport. Some men have been running and exercising on the gym track for the last month and are already in good condition to withstand trying meets. About eight good men are back from last year's squad and promise to make a good showing for the school. The two Whittick brothers and D. Battles feature in the dashes, while Manager Clark, Field, Wynd, and Taylor make the longer runs. The Sommer twins are the best bets for the mile run. New men

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who will figure heavy are Blackwell, Gage and Jones, all of Peoria High. Blackwell is exceptional in dashes, short runs, and jumping. He has also claimed several places in high school meets putting the shot. Gage is a dash and 440 yard man. Jones is a distance man who holds places in high school meets.

Some twenty or thirty other men have been rounding into shape to represent the school in meets, but as there has been no official supervision of track practice till just recently it is hard to name anyone who is doing especially good work.

Bradley is fortunate in again having the annual Little 19 Intercollegiate track, field, golf and tennis meet in this city. Two years ago and last year the event was held at Bradley and was a booming feature for the school. Its success was, in a great measure, the reason for awarding the meet to Bradley again. Preparations are already under way to accommodate the visiting participants and a successful handling of the meet can be shown by the way in which the students turn out to the contests at that time. The golf and tennis events will probably take place on the first of the two days and the track events on the second. The days set aside for the big meet are Friday and Saturday, May 16th and 17th.

TRACK MEET WITH EUREKA.

On Saturday, May 10th, the Eureka track team will come to Bradley with the strongest aggregation they have had for some time. Their work in both football and basketball has been of the highest calibre this past season and it is only natural that their track team should uphold the marks set by previous teams. On Friday, May 9th, the Eureka enthusiasts will come to Peoria for a two-day stay. On that day Bradley will meet the Eureka baseball team and the following day the track meet will take place. Considerable interest is being shown in this meet as Eureka has always been one of our strongest rivals in every branch of sport.

GREATER PEORIA TRACK MEET.

The annual affair that is looked forward to by the schools of Greater Peoria will be held on the Bradley track Saturday, May 3rd. Teams taking part in this meet come from Bradley Academy, Peoria High School, Manual Training High, Spalding, Averyville, and East Peoria. In previous years the Bradley Academy has been well represented and have upheld Bradley's reputation by scoring more points in the last four or five meets than any other school. This year we have an abundance of material and there is no reason why the academy cannot come out on top.

Often the three teams from Bradley, Peoria High, and Manual are so evenly matched that one school will win by one or two points and this keeps interest alive among the rooters because at such times every win and every point counts. If the student body will turn out strong to these meets it is an assured fact that the teams can do much better work than if no one were backing them.

ELECTION OF ATHLETIC MANAGERS.

About the middle of March the Athletic Board met and elected managers for the various sports for the spring quarter. John Taylor was elected as a member of the board and the whole board elected the following managers:

Harry Gordon	Manager of baseball
William Clark	Manager of track
Clarence Wynd	Manager of golf
Ted Collier	Manager of tennis

Earl Doubet is captain of the College baseball team, but captains for the other sports are yet to be elected.

TENNIS.

Bradley tennis players are slightly more unfortunate than the followers of baseball, track or golf. The army used the tennis courts as a building ground for the barracks and the racket men will now have to fix up the "horolog" courts or journey to Bradley Park to practice. Bradley took second place in tennis in the Intercollegiate last year, but the men who played then have graduated and spread their fame elsewhere. Those who were runners-up in the try-outs for tennis last year and who may represent us this year are Collier, G. Battles, Stureman, Salzenstein and a few others. With these men and other new ones who come in one at a time Bradley should make a record showing among her own students and at the Intercollegiate meet.

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INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET UNSETTLED.

All the high schools in the surrounding country are vitally interested in the Interscholastic track meet to which these high schools turn out with their athletes and rooters. Fifteen or twenty schools send teams to Bradley on the day of this meet and it is a great honor to carry home the first place banner when competing against so many strong squads. Bradley has always been one of the leaders when it came time to count up points and twice have won first place. The last two years they have not been quite so fortunate, in winning places, but this year a revival is expected and any visiting team or combination of teams will do well in keeping Bradley out of the lead.

This meet has not been assigned to its date so far owing to the fact that the promoters are busy looking for a day when the high schools have not already scheduled meets with each other. A suitable date wants to be announced on which this meet will not conflict with smaller meets at other places. This is to get as many teams to come as is possible. The more teams the greater the honor in winning points and standing high in the final count. As soon as a date is settled upon it will be announced to all the schools that wish to compete.

GOLF.

Exceptional golf players grace the premises of Bradley's school. Last year these players easily took the championship at the Intercollegiate. Salzenstein and McCormick made up the team at that time and credited the school greatly with their playing.

This year McCormick is unfortunate in having a fractured leg and will be kept out of the game unless he can dispense with his crutches in time to get in some practice before the meet. Salzenstein is hitting his own pace and looks good for another championship. G. Battles, Wynd and Taylor are often on the course and making their practice count toward a big win. Ted Collier also handles the sticks with great alacrity and is showing the form of a coming champ. Laughton Paul has on several occasions been seen on the green, not as a caddie, but as a real honest-to-fact player, and it is known that many of his opponents have been forced to take the greater number of strokes of the two. With these men and others who will come out at their time, Bradley should again put out a team good for another championship.

THE INTER-SCHOOL BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT.

The final windup of the basketball season found itself manifested in a tournament made up of teams picked from the academy and college. Coach Olson named eight men who should choose teams and act as captains and after the drawings were made the teams matched pretty evenly. One member of the varsity team was found on each team and the teams went by the names of the captains.

An elimination schedule was followed out whereby a team was put out as soon as a game was lost. In this way four teams went out at the first meetings; the L. Haywards, Burner, Sommer, and Tucker losing to Taylor, Catlin, D. Hayward, and Van Steel, respectively. Then these four winners met and D. Hayward and Van Steel were put out by Taylor and Catlin. The final game was played between the Taylor and Catlin tribes and the Catlins came out on top, thereby winning the interclass title.

Great interest was shown in these games as the student body turned out in large numbers to witness the games and especially the last one.

Captain Doubet of the varsity team picked an all-star first and second team and Coach Olson verifies Doubet's decisions in the choosing of the men. The men named on the teams are as follows:

First Team.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Team</i>	<i>Position</i>
Catlin.....	Of Catlin's team.....	Forward
Schoenheider.....	Of Taylor's team.....	Forward
Taylor.....	Of Taylor's team.....	Center
Gordon.....	Of Catlin's team.....	Guard
Allen.....	Of Van Steel's team.....	Guard

Second Team.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Team</i>	<i>Position</i>
Tucker.....	Of Tucker's team.....	Forward
Blossom.....	Of Catlin's team.....	Forward
Gage.....	Of L. Hayward's team.....	Center
D. Hayward.....	Of D. Hayward's team.....	Guard
Bowlby.....	Of Taylor's team.....	Guard

Summary:	Taylor.....	3 players
	Catlin.....	3 players
	Van Steel.....	1 player
	L. Hayward.....	1 player
	D. Hayward.....	1 player
	Tucker.....	1 player

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LOCALS

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BUY HIM A NEW ONE.

Of course we all know that Leland Fleming is mighty handy with the violin and naturally when plans were being laid for the stunt show, Ann Sutton made it a point to beg Mr. Fleming to render a few numbers.

Naturally this greatly elated the young musician and he quickly accepted. "Surely," said he, "I will be glad to play. The instrument that I shall use that night is over two hundred years old."

"Oh, that's all right! Never mind," returned Ann; "no one will ever know the difference."

Fleming didn't play, that's all.

FIGURE IT OUT.

After the Bradley Stunt Show several people were heard to remark on the splendid quality of Drennan Wilson's dress suit and silk hat. Was Drennan on the program? No, yet I remember that suit all right.

POOR DON.

Last December there was a great proposition facing Don Hayward and he couldn't figure it out. The usual question of "What shall I get her?" was too much for him, so in vain he sought out his friend John Lee. Well, John had had a bit more experience and so together they started for stores.

Their trip was not in vain, for when Don returned home that night he bore with him a beautiful set of mink furs, thanks to friend John.

This greatly relieved the load on Hayward's shoulders and the time quickly flew by until the moment was to hand to present the gift.

Well, there is no use of explaining the joy of Alice when she discovered these elegant furs. "These surely are beautiful," she exclaimed. "I can't conceive of these furs coming from such a low, sneaking beast."

Don looked thunderstruck.

"I did expect a word of thanks, Alice," stammered poor Donald, "but I can't endure that insult." Thus saying, he left in great haste.

WHAT HE WAS.

Bud Battles went up to the bank cashier's window the other day and cautiously slid a \$100 bill across the marble counter. (You're entirely welcome, Bud.)

"What denomination, please?" asked the clerk.

"Episcopalian," Graham replied. "What are you?"

Dick Bradley makes good clothes. 135 S. Jefferson Avenue.

IN MEMORIAM.

T. D. Wilson, a great scholar and noble thinker, has passed from the the walls of our beloved institution.

THE REAL TROUBLE.

Some negroes were discussing the sudden passing away of a small darky. The cause of the disaster was clear enough to one of the men. "De po' chile jes' died frum eatin' too much watahmillion," he explained.

One of the others looked his doubts. "Huh!" he grunted scornfully. "Dar ain't no such thing as too much watahmillion. De trouble was dar wasn't enuff boy."

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

"Don't you think her voice ought to be cultivated?"

"No, I think it should be harvested."

HE WOULD IF HE WOULD.

They were not exactly the friendliest of neighbors, and one day the following note came from Jones to Smith:

"Mr. Jones presents his compliments to Mr. Smith and asks, will he kindly shoot his dog, as he keeps Mr. Jones and his family awake?"

Whereupon Smith returned the following note:

"Mr. Smith presents his compliments to Mr. Jones and begs to inform the latter that he will be very glad to shoot his dog if Mr. Jones will poison his daughter and burn her piano."

MIGHT BE IF SHE DID.

A woman and her daughter were at sea during a terrific storm. After a silence of some time the mother asked: "Are you seasick, dear?"

"No, I think not, mother," replied the girl, "but I'd hate to yawn."

ONE ON THE SERGEANT.

At a Saturday morning inspection a private was not wearing a belt.

First Sergeant—"Have you a belt?"

Private—"No, sir."

First Sergeant—"You report to the quartermaster sergeant for a new one and tell him to charge you for the one lost. I'll stop this carelessness."

Private—"All right, sir; but I loaned you the belt about two weeks ago and you still have it."

EVEN HE.

"Do you know that I feel like thirty cents?" said Jack to Ethel.

Then Ethel sweetly smiled and commented:

"Well, well, everything seems to have gone up since the war."

AN EXCELLENT JOKE.

Art Schoenheider is a good student.

Mr. Comstock—"What is the value of Pi, Mr. McCormick?"
 Bob—"Twenty cents."

If February doesn't March, April May.

"Why did the salt shaker?"
 "Because he saw the lemon-squeezer."

"Did you kill many Germans during the war, Sommers?"
 Sommers—"Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me."

If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, laugh at the age of the jokes."

Fiedler—"Who was John Bunyan, Overton?"
 Overton—"He was the guy who wrote a treatise on the cure of corns."

Soph—"Did you ever take chloroform?"
 Freshman—"No. Who teaches it?"

First Cannibal—"Our chief has hay-fever."
 Second Can.—"What brought it on?"
 First Can.—"He ate a grass-widow."

A noise heard in Geometry class.
 Miss Gumbiner—"Mr. Avery, what was that you dropped?"
 Cy.—"I just dropped a perpendicular."

Prof. Comstock—"I bored the hole with a splitting headache."
 Wonderful man.

Feeling very content and pleased with himself, old Moneybags was strolling through his grounds one morning, when he started back in horror.

There was a stranger actually daring to fish in his private lake! The criminal.

Bristling with rage, the old chap strode forward.

"Hi, you!" shouted he. "Can't you read? Don't you see that sign there, 'No Fishing Here'?"

The angler looked up quizzically at him.

"Course I can read!" he replied. "And if it ain't fair ridiclus! Just look at these!"—holding up a string of a dozen splendid fish. "Ain't they beauties? The feller who put up that there notice didn't know what he was talking about."

WHY?

Man's hair turns gray before woman's,
 That's known in every clime;
 The explanation's easy, for
 He wears his all the time.

CAME NATURAL.

The government typewriters have busy days. Two fair young typists were talking about their work the other day, when one said:

"Isn't it fierce the way we have to work these days?"

"Fierce! Well, rather! Why, I typed so many letters yesterday that last night I finished my prayers with 'Yours truly'."

YES—WHY NOT?

He was leading up to the fateful question and thought he would begin. So, with a sigh, he said to her: "I have only one friend on earth—my dog."

"So?" she queried. "Well, if you feel lonely, why don't you get another dog?"

WHAT PUZZLED HIM.

"Say, ma," asked Johnny, "my toes are not as hard as leather, are they?"

"No, dear, certainly not," said his mother.

"Well, then," persisted the youth, "why do they always wear themselves through my toes?"

SHE GOT HER WISH.

At a certain church it is the custom of the clergyman to kiss the bride after the ceremony. A young woman who was about to be married did not relish the prospect and instructed her prospective husband to tell the clergyman that she did not wish him to kiss her. The young man obeyed her instructions.

"Well, Harry," said the young woman, when he appeared, "did you tell the minister that I did not wish him to kiss me?"

"Yes."

"And what did he say?"

He said that, in that case, he would charge only half the usual fee.

SOME BIG IMAGINATION.

Dr. Comstock—"It's all imagination, just as with ghosts and spirits and those things.

Al. Bilbrough—"He's right; spirits sure will be imagination after July 1st."

HE'S BASE.

Jim—"I envy the man who sang the tenor solo."

Maud—"Why, I thought he had a very poor voice."

Jim—"So did I, but just think of his nerve."—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

FLOOERD!

Editor—"How's the new society reporter? I told him to condense as much as possible."

Assistant—"He did. Here's his account of yesterday's afternoon tea: 'Mrs. Lovely poured, Mrs. Jobber roared, Mrs. Duller bored, Mrs. Rasping gored, and Mrs. Embonpoint snored.'"—*Detroit Times*.

THEN CAME THE CURRENT JAM.

Coloerd Patient (in the hospital)—“Boss, how do you-all do yoh cookin’ in thah?”

Orderly—“Well, Sam, you know we have the latest fandangled methods over here; we do our cooking electricity.”

Colored Patient—“Hum, by e-electricity, huh? Well, boss, you sho’ ought to have given dem beans anotha shock.”—*Truth.*

“What is the meaning of ‘alter ego’?” asked the teacher of the beginners’ class in Latin.

“It means the ‘other I,’” responded a pupil.

“Give me a sentence containing the phrase.”

“He winked his *alter ego*.”—*Boston Transcript.*

TRY POP CORN ON HIM.

A visitor in the slums of a large city asked the wife of a hard drinker why she did not keep her husband away from public houses.

“Well,” she answered, in a discouraged tone, “I’ve done my best, but he will go.”

“Why don’t you make your home look more attractive?”

“I’m sure I’ve tried hard to make it home-like ,ma’am. I’ve took up the parlor carpet, and sprinkled sawdust on the floor, and put a beer barrel in the corner. But it ain’t made a bit of difference, as far as I can see.”—*Dallas News.*

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AND HE NEARLY LOST IT ENTIRELY.

It is announced that the ex-kaiser is short of collars. And, of course, Foch crumpled up his front.—*London Opinion*.

CAUGHT THE HARE.

An old sailor approached a farmer for a meal one day, saying he was willing to work. "I will give you a meal," said the farmer, "if you will round up those sheep on the common there and drive them into this fold."

In three hours' time the sailor came back, looking hot but happy.

Glancing over the gate in the field, the farmer saw the sheep safely in the fold. "There's a hare sitting up among 'em," he exclaimed.

"Do you mean that little fellow there?" asked the sailor. "Why, that's the little beggar who gave me all the trouble. I thought it was a lamb!"—*Tit-Bits*.

NO NEED TO WORRY.

"The fortune-teller said I would meet with a fatal accident."

"Mercy!"

"But she said not to worry, it wouldn't happen till the end of my life."

HARD ON THE BRIDEGROOM.

A small-town newspaper concluded its account of a local wedding thus:

"The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, besides many other beautiful things in cut glass."

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PERFECTLY NATURAL.

The little girl delighted in a secret. One day her mother told her that she knew a great big secret; but was afraid to tell her because she was too young to keep a secret. Jumping up from the floor, scattering her paper dolls in all directions, she ran her hand across her breast exclaiming: "Cross my heart! Cross my heart!"

"Well," her mother said, "sister is going to marry Tom Carter. But no one knows, and you mustn't tell."

Instead of looking happy—for the little girl doted on her sister's choice—she looked serious. Then she asked: "Don't anybody know but me and you and sister?"

"No," answered the mother, "not a soul, because sister doesn't want anyone to know."

"Can't I tell just one person?" she persisted.

"No," answered her mother patiently. "That is just what I said," then the mother asked curiously: "Who is it you want to tell?"

"Well," replied the little girl, "I *would* like to tell Tom Carter."

DID HE FILL IN THE GAP?

"I'm afraid that bell means another caller," said Ethel.

"You know there is such a thing as your not being at home," replied Fred.

"Yes," responded Ethel, suggestively; "and there is such a thing as my being engaged."

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